The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

No. 86, Vol. viii.] BELFAST, FEBRUARY 1st, 1888. [For Gratuitous Circulation.

The Rev. J. C. Street acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following contributions in aid of the gratuitous publication of the *Chronicle and Index*:—

C. Cochrane, Esq., Stourbridge,	£1	1	0
J. Hampton, Esq., Belfast, ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman, Nottingham,...	0	5	0
James Savage, Clough, ...	0	2	6

Further contributions are invited.

The Annual Service connected with the Rosemary Street and Hopeton Street Schools was held in Second Rosemary Street Church, on Sunday, January 1st, when the Rev. J. C. Street preached a special sermon on "The Story of St. Christopher."

Before the service, a substantial breakfast was given to the Hopeton Street children, who enjoyed themselves greatly, and warmly appreciated so pleasant a way of beginning the new year. Some of their parents were also present and partook of the good things which were provided.

A collection was made after the service in the church, and the school sent on its way rejoicing for the year 1888.

The Treasurer of the Unitarian Society begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscription for 1887:—

W. Larmour, Carrickfergus, ... £0 5 0

The subjects which were brought before the evening congregations in Second Rosemary Street during the month of January, by the Rev. J. C. Street, were as under:—

Jan. 1. How to begin this New Year.
8. The Pope's Jubilee.
22. Mr. Spurgeon and the Baptists.
29. Sinners, and how to treat Them.

By the Rev. W. Reynolds, B.A.—

Jan. 15. Practical Theism.

Dr. Martineau is continuing his great enterprise of presenting to the world his matured thoughts on Philosophy and Religion. The new year has been enriched by the publication of his "Study of Religion: its Sources and Contents," in two volumes. They form companion volumes and a companion work with the "Types of Ethical Theory," published five years ago. The "Study" will create a profounder interest among thinkers than even the former great work. It deals with issues so supreme, and with a reality so widely felt, that it cannot help but challenge the attention of every religious thinker.

The new portion of the session of the Mutual Improvement Association, Rosemary Street, has proved most attractive and useful. On January 9th, an interesting and instructive discussion took place on "Compulsory Education," in which a large number of members took part. The discussion was introduced by Mr. S. Millin. On the 16th of the month, Dr. J. A. Lindsay delivered a fine lecture on "The Brain and its Functions," which was heard and appreciated by a very large audience. Dr. Hyndman, in the absence of the President, occupied the chair. On the 23rd, Mr. Max

Veitel read an interesting and learned paper on "Prejudice;" and on the 30th, Mr. Aston, M.A., read an erudite paper on "An English Dictionary," which obtained, as it deserved, a very attentive hearing and criticism. The month's meetings have been very successful.

WE note, with sorrow, that with the close of the year the Rev. T. L. Marshall ceases to be the editor of the *Inquirer*. He has held that honourable position for some thirty years, and has discharged its duties with an ability and conscientiousness beyond all praise. With unwavering fidelity he has upheld the flag of civil and religious liberty, and he has made the *Inquirer* the organ of the most cultured and catholic members of the Free Churches of England. He will be greatly missed, and his firm hand and calm wisdom will be lost to our literature. We understand and rejoice that he has no intention of withdrawing from many of the useful works and institutions with which he has been so intimately connected, but we trust that his retirement from the editorship of the *Inquirer* will be marked by a substantial proof of the love we all bear for him.

THE ROOM AND THE GUEST.

Close is the space, and dim, where thou art caged,
  But wide the light that shines that dimness through;
And thou, with glimpses of the sky engaged,
  Need'st mind not what the earthward-bound may do.
The lark its nest in lowly grasses makes,
  And soars aloft at heaven's gate to sing;
But those whose very house the skyway takes,
  Dost rise for song on heaven-ent'ring wing;
And then adown. But, when thou dost return,
  Thou bring'st with thee the treasure of the skies;
The heavenly fire doth in thy dwelling burn
  And poorest lodging is thy paradise.
There all things gather for thy guest-rite meet,
  And o'er the head of grandeurs stand thy feet.

J. H. Clifford.

BUDDHIST STORIES.

There is much in Buddhist philosophy fitted to awaken reflection. Buddhism is the creed of upwards of 300,000,000 of the human race. It is, therefore, important that a country like our own, having relations—commercial and political—with the most distant regions of the globe, should have some acquaintance with the religious principles of so large a section of mankind. Ceylon was the first country into which Buddhism was introduced from India. There is a general notion that creeds of this character make their way quietly; but Buddhism has experienced many vicissitudes. At one time it seemed marching to the conquest of the East, when suddenly its progress was arrested by fierce persecution. St. Paul speaks of man as seeking God, "if happily he may feel after Him and find Him." These words describe not inaccurately the position of Buddhists; and thoughtful critics recognise that the sect has essayed to grapple with questions that have exhausted the intellectual acumen of the profoundest thinkers.

Those who have studied the history of human speculation are frequently surprised by finding glimpses of great truths in quarters where they were least expected. This should teach us modesty. It does not necessarily follow that the strange is unreal, There are modes of thought familiar to the East with which the West has little sympathy. But nothing is gained either socially or philosophically by aloofness and isolation, The Buddhist is a man of many moods. Sometimes he worships absolute unity, and sometimes he adores those great ones of the earth who have drawn the patent of their nobility immediately from heaven, rather than from the Heralds' College. Buddhism exalts the meditative part of religion above the sacrificial, and though originally related to Brahminism, nothing has done more to shake the ascendancy of that religion than the Buddhist philosophy. Compared with the Brahminical creed, Buddhism is a democratic faith. The worship of the one intelligence is inconsistent with the pretentions of a hereditary caste. Their priests are chosen from all classes, and are required to observe very strictly the essential precepts of the moral law. Convents for priests, as well as nunneries, exist in all countries where Buddhism has been introduced. Their processions and their forms of religious worship are attended with much pomp. It has been supposed

that these aspects of Buddhism are due to early contact with Christianity. But it is to the East that we owe the system of seclusion of which the nunnery and the convent are types. The Buddhists are essentially pantheists. With them the world is only the transient manifestation of Deity, without real or permanent existence, the human soul being an emanation of the divine. Creation is represented as proceeding from the self-contemplation of the Deity, and is effected by divine will. Milton, in a remarkable passage of "Paradise Lost," speaks of body working up to spirit. In Buddhism that process is reversed, the spiritual being first, and afterwards that which is material. Wordsworth, in one of the sublimest of his odes, sings of our birth as but a "sleep and a forgetting." Buddhism represents the actions of man during his former existence as determining his destiny in the present. Perfection, or the highest ideal of humanity, is to be gained by relinquishing all notion of the reality and stability of external objects. In this respect Buddhists approach the Christian thought which asserts that only in proportion as man sets his mind on immaterial and mortal blessings does he truly advance.

Ceylon has from a very early period been a stronghold of Buddhist philosophy. There are many points on which Eastern and Western philosophy harmonise. It is indeed gratifying to know that some of the most cosmopolitan of Christian philosophers have been prompt to recognise whatever is worthy of admiration in Eastern faiths. Frederick Dennison Maurice reminds us that "Buddhism is the most surprising effort of the human intellect to assert its own supremacy of which there ever has been, or perhaps ever will be, any record. European sages in the last century, and in the present, have cried out—When will philosophy break loose from the fetters which priests have imposed upon it? Philosophy in Asia performed that task two thousand years ago. It threw off a yoke which was become quite intolerable; it affirmed that man's soul is capable of unlimited expansion; it claimed for that soul the homage due to a divinity." It might have been supposed that with seemingly so fair a creed there would be illimitable advance. But the actual has fallen far short of the ideal. That deification of the human intellect of which Buddhism is an embodiment has narrowed instead of expanding the soul. To do this creed justice, however, it is necessary to have lived amongst the votaries thereof.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

HOW I LEFT ORTHODOXY.

BY JAMES C. STREET.

"THE NEW PATH. FROM TRINITY TO UNITY. FROM TYRANNY TO FATHERHOOD."

No. 4—*Continued.*

These considerations had overpowering weight upon me. I had never been with clear comprehension a Trinitarian. I had been numbered among Trinitarians, and should certainly have described myself as one of them; but the deeper and closer my study, and the more careful my examination of the evidence, the more certainly did I grow to understand that I was a believer in the Unity of God. With a clear, guiding light I left the old doctrine and steered out into the new world opening out before me. I found I had become a monotheist. The doctrine for which the Jews had stood forth as witnesses among their Polytheistic neighbours, and which they embodied in the phrase "The Lord our God is One Lord," was the doctrine which commanded alike the assent of my Reason and my Conscience, and was, as I believed, sustained by the highest teachings of Testaments Old and New. So I now, for the first time, found myself entitled to describe myself, or allow myself to be spoken of, as a Unitarian, and it seemed to me a beautiful and natural thing in after years, when I became a minister of religion, that the first Church of which I became pastor should be entitled "The Church of the Divine Unity." In this way, and under these influences and circumstances, I passed from Trinity to Unity.

But there is no stopping when once you have set out on the search for divine realities. Break but away, even in the slightest degree, from ancient traditions, and by an irresistible

and eternal law you will go onward in your new course and find ever new revealings. There is no standing still, and there is no going back. The past has drifted away. You are like a vessel loosed from her moorings, with all sails set, ploughing the eternal waters and steering for the everlasting shores.

Step by step we journey on. The Divine hand leads us, and we are brought each day into the midst of fresh realities.

I can hardly recall the way in which at this period of my life I was led onward. I know that I did move, steadily, surely, and in advance; but I find it difficult to retrace my mental steps.

But I see that I was distinctly moving forward towards a higher and holier view of the character, power, and nature of God, when I was for a time checked by the necessity of forming an opinion as to the Doctrine of the Trinity. For the time being I was arrested, as a stream is in its onward course, either by rough jutting rocks, or wide-extended shallows; the strong current for a time was broken; but at length rocks and shallows were passed and the gathered waters rolled forth in ample volume again. So it was with myself; I had got away from a mere scholastic controversy. It never had a strong hold upon me. It did not disturb and trouble me as other matters had done. It perplexed me. It was a stumbling block in my way. It presented a problem I felt compelled to deal with. It challenged my decision. I grappled with it, mastered it, adjudicated upon it, and then I felt free to pass on to other and higher matters.

So again there came back to me that question about God and his relation to His universe and to mankind. I was no longer perplexed about persons, substances, or somewhats, but felt the presence of a living, personal, thinking, loving, and beneficent God who had definite relations to mankind, and who was all powerful to enforce His will. For a long time I had believed in His goodness, but I had doubted His power. When I got to understand His power I was in perplexity about His goodness. I could understand the misery and suffering of many of those He had created when I thought He wished to make them happy but could not, that He tried but failed, and that another and hostile influence successfully held Him in check. But as I began to understand not only the unity and majesty, but the almightiness of God, and still found myself face to face with the problem of sin and suffering, and the endless torment of many whom He had created, and whom He might but did not save, I began to wonder about the love, and goodness, and justice of Him who was described as "All in All."

So here I stood at last face to face with this question—"What is God?" It was no longer a question which dealt with His mode of existence or manifestation, or with the methods of His action in the universe or among men, but it was a question which went to the very essence of His nature, and I felt that according to the result at which I arrived in the study of this majestic problem must be the whole colour, tone, outlook, and substance of both my religion and my theology.

As I looked out upon the world in which I lived, its mountains and vales, its oceans and rivulets, its fruits and flowers, its regularity and order, its changing seasons and teeming life, its activity and repose; and as I gazed from it into the great concave of the Heavens and saw the gleaming stars, and the glowing galaxies, and the circling worlds, and then turned to look at and within myself, I saw how vast, how boundless, how august must be the power of Him who made and who sustains all these things, and I could not understand the possibility of there being any one who could withstand His might, or set at defiance His behests. The stamp of Omnipotence was everywhere. There were no traces of feebleness, fickleness, or limitation. The Heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament showed forth His handiwork. I felt that, indeed, He could say in the most sublime words ascribed to Him by the Hebrew poet, "I lift up my hand to Heaven and say I live forever." The evidence of His *power* was stamped alike upon every blade of grass, and every mountain peak, upon the glittering wing of the tiniest moth, and the dazzling glory of the mightiest orb of

Heaven. All things declared His might. None could withstand His power.

If this were so, how could anything be without Him? or exist in defiance of Him, or set aside His will? Anxiously and eagerly I asked these questions, and I felt that I must find an answer to them.

What was the nature of this tremendous, this irresistible Power? Was it the power of a Tyrant, who said I can and will do as I like with my own. I kill or I make alive. I blast with my wrath, or glorify with my favour. I will trample under my feet the work of my own hands, or I will lift it up and make it thrill with joy? Or was it a beneficent, loving, impartial Power always working for good, always opening out new avenues of happiness, always tending to the welfare of mankind, and always co-working with man to bring him into peace and joy?

Now I was not blind to the fact that if I turned to the Bible I could find within its pages passages which would bear either interpretation. Nothing was easier than this, and, at the same time, nothing was more unsatisfactory. By this time I was not disposed to use the Bible for any such a purpose. I had grown into a better understanding of what the Bible really was, and in what way it could be used to the best advantage, and by what means I could extract its pure essence. I need not enter upon this now, nor defend the position which I took up, for I shall do that later on; it suffices at this time to say that I did not feel it to be necessary to collate and balance text against text, and writer against writer, but I could gather out of this wondrous literature anything and everything which seemed grandest, noblest, and most sublime; that which set forth the Almighty as good and righteous, and merciful, which recognised Him as seeking the lost, strengthening the weak, comforting the sorrowing, raising up the fallen, and saving to the uttermost, in the assurance that any utterances which fell below this standard were unworthy of Him, and false to His nature and attributes.

Then I fell back upon myself, and found there, once more, the tribunal which could best guide me to a wise and worthy judgment. My own nature and character had grown. My sense of what was just and fair had become clearer than of old. I saw that fairness and righteousness must be the true law to guide men in their relations one to another, and that without these qualities there would be social disorder, a sense of wrong, an aggravated spirit of soreness, and the fruitful seed of bitterness, strife, bloodshed, and general wrongdoing. Justice must work in the world if the world was to be peaceful, happy, and prosperous. Then it seemed inevitable that Justice was the same in essence whether in small communities or large, whether in the world or in the universe, whether in man's relationship to his brother or in God's relationship to mankind. And so I rose to the conception of the Divine Justice. Now *Justice* is incompatible with tyranny. The very essence of tyranny is injustice. When I saw that God was just I was assured that He was not a tyrant. Hence He could not do wrong, could not impose burdens too heavy to be borne, could not award penalties that transcended the offence, could not deal harshly with any of His creatures, could not punish everlastingly, could not be swayed by passion or anger, in one word, could not fall below the level of what was supremely just and fair.

I looked closer into my own nature, and I found that if justice and love were not the same they were wondrously akin. If not the same, then I felt sure that it was out of love that justice sprang. Love was the parent of this great principle of supreme fairness. If so, then behind this even dealing of God there was a boundless and unfathomable love—love which never tired, love which never failed, love which knew no boundaries, love which made God all in all. Here I rose out of all sense of tyranny—unless supreme love be tyranny—and fear or dread of God in time or in eternity seemed to drop from me as the icicles drop in blessed tears under the influence of the glowing sun.

In times past, in the early days of my life, I was simply terrified at God, and I would fain have hidden myself from Him, if I could, lest He should blast me with his terrors; now I

could turn to Him as the earth turns her face to the sun, or as the tender plant peers upwards towards the light. He seemed to invite, and not to repel; to draw by silken but irresistible cords of love, and not drive with the thunder and lightning of His wrath; and I was in a new world. I had found not a Tyrant but a FATHER. It was a wondrous discovery. The faint but sunny recollections I had of my own father, all that I heard or could learn about him, and all that was best, strongest, and most loving in what I saw of fatherhood, made me understand faintly and in an imperfect way what Fatherhood must mean in God. It was the bursting in upon me of a flood of light. Sunshine illumined my whole being. I was aglow with a new sense of peace and gladness. I could clothe the words I had read in the Scriptures with new and exalted meanings. Until I reached this point the sacred words had been so circumscribed and limited, so tortured by commentators and misinterpreted by dogmatists, that I had attached no living and loving signification to them; now they shone like fixed stars in the clear sky, and told of a Light brighter than their own, from which their own glory was fed; and in that Central Light I found *the Father*. In finding *Him* I had found the Central Truth of Religion, the key to unlock all mysteries, the light to guide amid all darkness, the strength to support in all weakness, the comfort to bless in all sorrows, the peace to calm in all storms, and the love to sustain and bless in Time and Eternity. Injustice could not be, sin could not for ever remain, the Devil was an impossibility, there was no room for Hell, only God the Father face to face with His children for evermore amid the uplifting and inspiring influences of the Divine Home; nothing but Love, and Fatherhood, and God.

So this new turning point in my life, though it led me away from many old friends, and separated me from early associations, brought me not only into a lovelier region, where my life could grow more sweetly and my hopes bloom more brightly, but it took me upon such lofty and clear heights that I could see how the ways of man, so apparently divergent, were leading to one central point, and that ere long they would bring all into a common home.

I had broken away with a sigh of regret and sorrow, but from that day to this I have thanked God from the depths of my heart that I took the step which led me to Him, that I might find the loving Father of us all.

"BRIGHTER OUTLOOKS! THE WILDERNESS BLOSSOMING AS THE ROSE. NO CASTES, BUT UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD."

No. 5.

"All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind."—*Emerson.*

After a traveller has been toiling amid gloomy scenery, with harsh and stern surroundings, and then comes to some elevated spot, or to some clearance in the dark woods where the sun is shining and the birds are singing, he cannot help but feel the pulses of his being quickened into a new life and the glow of new joys suffusing his nature. He forgets the gloomy past. He leaves the miseries of many struggles behind him. He has emerged from the darkness, and rejoices in the gleaming light. For the time being care drops out of his heart, his strength is renewed, and he rejoices like a strong man to run a race. Very imperfectly does this portray the feelings of the mental and spiritual traveller who for years has been toiling along arduous ways, oppressed with gloomy thoughts, distracted by harrowing fears, and unrelieved by even a passing gleam of hope. His jaded spirits have borne him down, his steps have been slow and leaden, he has been uncheered by any sweet prospect—all that lies before him is to do, to be, to suffer, to die, and then perchance to enter an undeserved Heaven or to be forced into an unmerited Hell. He has gone on his way like a dreary fatalist, and every step has been like the tread of destiny. But unexpectedly on his way, and in the midst of his gloom, the song of a new hope has sounded within him, the light of a new truth has flashed in upon his darkness, and the new music and light

have thrilled through his being as with the glory of a revelation, and he has suddenly found himself in a world new and glorious. What is the change? The surroundings are the same. Life is still there with all its former features. The road is just as hard and as long as it was before. There are the old difficulties, there is still the toilsome path. But in some new and wondrous way a beauteous light, soft, glowing, radiant, is thrown over everything, even flinty crags of trial gleam with splendour, the road is illumined and glorified, and there is something born within that makes every bush beautiful, every hill radiant, and every rut on life's hard way look like a divine path for the chariot wheels of duty. The man himself is new-born. Truth has become his sunshine. Haunting fears take their leave, hope springs eternal in the bosom, the step is no longer the measured beat of fate, but the musical time-beat of a glad pilgrim on his way to ineffable joy.

I can see how all this has been exemplified and illustrated in my own career. Those who have thus far followed my mental steps and seen how I have journeyed and been led will understand that I have no need to draw upon my imagination for my pictures and colouring, but that I may keep within the lines of sober and solid fact.

Happily for me my own journey along life's way has from time to time brought me to turning points and heights where my mental prospects brightened, and where I could see into sunnier and happier regions. When I was able to wrestle successfully with the grim phantom of Predestination; when I escaped from the trammels of Calvinism and Methodism in their doctrine of Hell; when I broke away from the Bible as a fetich, and learned its true significance as a representation of the history and religious development of the most religious people of ancient times; when I escaped from the masterhood of Teachers and Books, and found there was no infallibility in persons or institutions; and, above all, when I got away from all limiting views of God, and saw that instead of being an arbitrary Tyrant he was a loving Father, I found myself like a traveller who was obtaining, one by one, glimpses of a brighter landscape, and occasionally far views from Pisgah heights, until with my latest comprehension of the Fatherhood of God I found myself on the mountain height from which brighter prospects than I had ever seen before were opened out to my enraptured eyes. New worlds of thought lay before me, new tracks were made visible along which my nature could travel, I was no longer crushed by any grim necessity or left to mourn over the incapacity of Heaven to accomplish its own desires, for the first time I realised that the good God had created a good world, and that there were within it boundless possibilities of happiness and growth, while beyond its confines, and overarching it with rainbow joys, there were regions fair and holy, in which God would smile His benedictions upon His children and bless them with His boundless peace and joy.

I cannot say that throughout the earlier periods of my life I had ever associated with the idea of religion any other feelings than those of gloom and sadness. It was always a great reality to me, but it was an awful reality. I felt its presence and influence everywhere. It coloured all my feelings. It shaped all my conduct. It moulded all my thoughts. At times in almost wayward wantonness, and as a sort of escape valve from melancholy and despair, I broke out into wild and boisterous fun, and was merriest among the merry. It was not a natural gaiety, or a pure youthful frenzy of delight; but it was a sort of human revolt against a gloom too oppressive for the young, and a restraint that held the reins of of hope too tight for comfort. Like the Israelites, I was journeying in the *wilderness;* the arid sands lay all round me, burning my feet and parching my tongue. Wherever I looked there was the same dead level of misery, or if by any chance I reached some massive heights they only glared down from their awful solitudes with stern aspect and threatened me with thunderstorm and tempest. For a long time it seemed as if no sweeter landscape would ever open out before my eyes, but that I must ever journey on to the predetermined goal, and find no change to bless my aching sight. It is quite a painful effort to recall what my feelings and experiences of religion were. I have so long passed away from these things, and for so many years have felt and understood so differently, that it almost seems as the old pictures flash back upon my memory that I was thinking of some other person, and of experiences not my own. But it is not so. I go back from myself and surroundings to-day to myself and surroundings in days gone by.

(*To be continued.*)

"SIROCCO" TEA,

DIRECT FROM OUR OWN PLANTATIONS.

THIS CELEBRATED TEA MAY BE HAD in Packets of ¼lb. and upwards from Grocers in Town and Country, or from our own Depôts in Belfast, at

2/- PER LB.

Each Packet is closed with a seal on which the word "Sirocco" is impressed.

6 lb. PACKETS—Delivered in Belfast, .. 11/-
" " —Carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom, .. 12/-

Terms—Strictly Cash with Order.

"SIROCCO" PATENT COMPRESSED TEA, in ¼ lb. Blocks, 6d each.

"The aroma of this block tea is more exquisite than "that of the finest loose tea, and its compact form is "very convenient for housekeepers and travellers."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

DAVIDSON & CO.,

TEA GROWERS, CACHAR, INDIA.

Head Office—Sirocco Works, Belfast.

Branch Depots in Belfast—

No. 6, Shaftesbury Square (Dublin Road).
No. 3, New King Street (off Mill Street).
No. 92, Royal Avenue (Next to Free Library).

A CARD.

HERBERT DARBISHIRE & CO.,

STOCK & SHARE BROKERS

AND INSURANCE AGENTS,

7, Queen's Buildings, Royal Avenue,

BELFAST.

All classes of Securities bought and sold at closest Market Prices. Highest Prices given for American and other Coupons. Special attention given to Confidential and Trust Investment business.

A YOUNG LADY who is well educated, and has served an apprenticeship to Dress-making, would be glad to obtain a situation as Lady's Maid, Companion, or Governess for Young Children. Salary not so much an object as a comfortable home, and useful work. Apply to L. J., care of Mr. W. A. Adamson, Carrickfergus.

Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement Association.

SIXTEENTH SESSION, 1887-88.

The Committee have the pleasure of announcing the following

PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY, 1888.

1888.
Feb. 6—"Poetry," .. ..Mr. Wm. Geo. Mulligan, B.A., LL.D.
" 13—"Prejudice," .. ..Mr. Max Veitel.
" 20—"The Physical and Antiquarian Features of Co. Antrim"—with Magic Lantern Illustrations, ..Mr. Wm. Gray, M.R.I.A.
" 27—"Who are our greatest Novelists?"..Discussion.

The Meetings are held on MONDAY EVENINGS at Eight o'clock, in the Rosemary Street Schools.

MEMBER'S SUBSCRIPTION.—4s. per annum, which entitles to the use of the Library. Subscriptions for the Sixteenth Session are now due and should be paid to the Treasurer, D. BULMER, 32, Queen Street, *as early as possible.*

The Library will be open at 1 p.m. on Sundays, and on every Monday Evening during the Session.

ALEX. MILLIGAN, } *Hon.*
J. H. GILLILAND, } *Secs.*

BRIQUETTES! BRIQUETTES!

PATENT FUEL FROM THE

COSSALL COLLIERY COMPANY, Limited,

NOTTINGHAM.

Best Coal in the Market. For particulars, &c., apply

JOSEPH WORTH, 17 Henry Street.

ROBT. M'CALMONT & SONS,

ARTIFICIAL

MANURE MANUFACTURERS,

BELFAST.

These Artificial Manures are manufactured on the most approved system, and from the best materials obtainable in the market; and invite comparison with each of the various Manures now before the Public, both as regards the Guaranteed Analysis attached to each and also Price.

ROBT. M'CALMONT & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ROOFING FELT.
SARKING FELT.
SHEATHING FELT.
INODOROUS FELT.
DRY HAIR FELTS.
FOUNDATION FELT.
ASPHALTING.

Prices on Application.

Printed by JOHN A. MURPHY, 16, Howard Street, for the Unitarian Society, and Published at their Depository, 16, Queen's Arcade, Belfast.